THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 7, 1805.

Narrative of the Sufferings of M. de St. Germain and others, in Egypt.

From Paris, 8th February, 1780.

ALL Europe rings with the misfortunes that befel a caravan of Europeans in the deserts of Egypt, on the 16th of June last; though we could not learn the real truth but by the arrival at Paris of Monsieur de St. Germain, who escaped by good fortune, hardly credible, the most cruel catastrophe that ever befel a traveller.

Monsieur de St. Germain, and his brother Monsieur de Chilly, were the one commandant at Dacca, and the other at Cassimbuzar, two very important factories at Bengal, when they were taken prisoners of war by the English. Having obtained leave on their parole of honour to return to France, and finding no ship to bring them to Europe by way of the Cape of Good Hope, they set out in a ship under Danish colours for Suez, in the Red Sea, in hopes of crossing over with ease the isthmus that separates that sea from the Mediterranean, and then embarking at Alexandria for Marseilles. After a perilous navigation, they arrived at Suez the 24th of May, 1779, with several French and English, that were passengers in the same ship. They were no sooner landed, than the Danish captain wrote to the French merchants at Cairo, to procure a caravan, that is, the camels necessary to carry the merchandize of the vessel, which was estimated at several millions of livres; added to a considerable adventure belonging to Mr. Waugh, commanding an English packet, then at anchor in the harbour of Suez.

Egypt is governed, or rather oppressed, by sixteen beys or lords. The Porte preserves there nothing but the shadow of

authority, that resides in the hands of a bashaw, whom the beys keep as a kind of prisoner, in the castle of Cairo. In the absence of Murat Bey, the most powerful of these sixteen tyrants, who was gone to fight Hassam Bey, one of his brethren, application was made to Ibrahim Bey; he promised the most perfect protection, and even offered his own people and camels to carry the goods. This proposal was accepted without hesitation, but unhappily the wealth of the caravan, which his avidity prompted him still to exaggerate, made him wish to carry it off; and he concerted for that purpose with the Arabs of Torr (famous for their ferocity and plundering) the blackest and most cowardly of all perfidies. The camels filed off from Suez the 15th of June; the travellers set out at six o'clock in the evening. The night passed without accident; but at break of day, in the middle of a defile, formed by two chains of sand hills, the caravan was beset by about 1200 wild Arabs; they first made three discharges of their musquetry, and then fell sabre in hand on the ten Europeans that composed the caravan; who being dispersed, were hacked, taken, and stripped even of their shirts, and driven naked into the desert. On the other hand, the real conductors of the camels, on the first shot being fired, which undoubtedly was the signal agreed on, turned the camels about, and drove them themselves with eagerness towards Torr, a town belonging to the Arabs, after having passed four days at a watering place within a few miles from the walls of Suez.

The Europeans, maimed, stripped, and still pursued by the banditti, divided themselves by chance into two parties. One took the road to Suez, which was about 12 leagues off; and as the other could not make their way through the body of the Arabs, to gain Suez, ran towards Cairo, which was 18 leagues off; but in order to escape the ferocity of the Arabs, were obliged to take bye roads, which increased prodigiously the distance. Unfortunately Messrs. de St. Germain and de Chilly were in that troop; it consisted with them of a black who belonged to them; of Messrs. Barrington and Jenkins, Englishmen; of Mr. Vanderwelden, supercargo of the Danish ship; of Mr. Paul, an Armenian merchant; and two mendicant Arabs; in all nine persons. Messrs. Waugh, and O'Donnel, Englishmen, took the road to Suez, and arrived safe there, after suffering many incredible hardships, and inhuman treatment, both from the straggling banditti of wild Arabs, and the inhabitants of Suez.

It is impossible to describe the dreadful torments and mortal anguish that overpowered eight of these unhappy fugitives, and which M. de St. Germain could not have escaped without a miracle.

There is not a more burning climate on the face of the globe than the deserts of Egypt: the wind that blows there is a consuming fire; there no rain never falls; there is not a drop of

water

water to be got; nor does a shrub grow within a space of many leagues; and the sand almost turned red by the scorching heat of the sun, is composed of little angular pebbles, that tear the skin, and enter it like glass: by a strange contrast, the nights in that frightful climate are almost as cold as the days are hot; and when a man escapes the suffocating vapours of the day it is almost impossible to withstand, without cloathing, the keen and sharp air of the night. It was in this murdering desert that M. de St. Germain, with his unfortunate companions, had to struggle against all the horrors of death, during four days and five nights, without eating or drinking, parched with a consuming thirst, scorched by the sun, exposed naked (stark-naked) to clouds of insects and flies, the torment of which is more cruel than can be imagined; falling down twenty times in an hour with fatigue, and rising again by the excess of pain occasioned by the pebbles tearing every part of his body; walking oftentimes on his hands, and at last overcome with fatigue, covered with an universal ulcer, reduced to skin and bone, having drank up all his urine, his lips and tongue dried up, his sight dim, his hearing gone, no longer able to speak, and seized at intervals with a violent fever and the delirium of death, having had several fits of a kind of apoplexy and lethargy, he arrived, by a species of miracle, at the country house of the bey, near Cairo. But the greatest of his misfortunes, the most cruel of all his torments, which made him twenty times over to wish for the death he was struggling against, was to have beheld the successive exit of all his companions. Mr. Barrington was the first victim that fell; Messrs. Jenkins and Vanderwelden followed next; the Armenian merchant, Mr. Paul, the black, and one of the mendicant Arabs, although robust and inured to the rigour of the climate, perished like the rest. But the most terrible of all sights for M. de St. Germain, that which a feeling heart cannot figure to itself without being seized with horror, was to see his brother overwhelmed with fatigue, heat, and thirst, with several wounds from a sabre, conjuring him to abandon him, and provide for his own safety; and to be reduced to the alternative of seeing him perish before his eyes, or leave him in the desert, in order to employ the poor remains of strength he had left to procure him some assistance; he chose the latter. The excess of their sufferings made him hope they were drawing near the end of their miseries. His strength redoubled at the sight of his brother's danger, but all his care proved fruitless. They were still at too great a distance from Cairo; and the bey's people, whom he had engaged to run to the desert in quest of his unfortunate brother, and the black that accompanied him, could not discover either of them; they found only the bodies of the other Europeans; and M. de Chilly either fell a victim to the many torments he endured, or he was dragged away into slavery,

if he has been so fortunate to have his life saved by any of the Arabs.

M. de St. Germain having thus seen all his companions fall, at last arrived naked, alone, and in a dying condition, at the bey's country-house. The assistance he there received stopped the progress of the disorder: and after he was carried to Cairo, to the quarter of the Franks, he owed his life to the skill of Monsieur de Grasse, a French physician; and to the praiseworthy care of Messrs. Magallon and Olive, merchants of Marseilles, who took him into their house.

The French were not the only persons that gave him tokens of the part they took in his misfortunes. Several Englishmen that sailed with him from Bengal to Suez, particularly Mr. Ross, who commanded the English factory, at Dacca, whilst himself was at the head of the French factory, gave him the most feeling proofs of their sensibility. It was with the greatest difficulty that he declined accepting the offers of every kind that were made him, chusing rather to give the preference to the French merchants at Cairo.

M. de St. Germain being happily recovered, tried every means, but in vain, to obtain restitution of about 300,000 livres, in effects and merchandize, that belonged to him in the caravan; but in abandoning his fortune, he must comfort himself with the thoughts that he had the happiness to escape, all at once, every possible kind of death, hunger, thirst, suffocating heat by day, mortal cold by night, excessive fatigue, the destructive sting of the insects, the fire and sword of the Arabs, the grief of seeing his companions perish, and his inability to succour his brother; and finally, a long and dangerous illness, the consequence of such horrors and miseries!

The history of this dreadful event, worthy in every respect to be laid before the public, in exhibiting a picture of the greatest dangers that any traveller ever encountered, proves that, in attempting the passages of the isthmus of Suez, one must be aware both of the ferocity of the Arabs, and the perfidy of the beys, that tyrannize over Egypt

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ACCOUNT *of a remarkable* BUSTARD.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

IT was in compliance with the solicitation of a gentleman who, at that time designed to publish a work relative to the curiosities of Wiltshire, that I drew up the following memoir, describing the remarkable manner in which a bustard was taken on Tilshead downs, and also, some of the physical properties of that

that noble bird; and as he has now altogether declined the intention of carrying his designs into execution, I consider myself at liberty to publish it in some other way; and have therefore thought proper to communicate it to you, and should you conceive that it would be at all interesting to any of your readers, the insertion of it in your widely-extended publication will much oblige,

Sir, your obedient servant,

RD. TUCKER.

Tilshead, Wilts, September 6, 1805.

A MAN, about four o'clock in the morning, on some day in June, 1801, was coming from Tinhead to Tilshead. When, at or near a place called Askings Penning, one mile from the village of Tilshead, he saw over his head, about sixty yards high, a large bird, which afterwards proved to be a bustard. The man had scarcely ever heard of a bird of that kind. He had not proceeded far before it lighted on the ground immediately before the horse, which it indicated an inclination to attack, and, in fact very soon began the onset. The man alighted, and getting hold of the bird, endeavoured to secure it, and after struggling with it nearly an hour succeeded, and brought it to Mr. J. Bartley, of Tilshead, to whose house he was coming. The man, thinking it of little value, offered it to Mr. Bartley, as a present, but as such he refused to accept it, and after some importunity prevailed on the man to take for it a sum, which he received with some degree of reluctance.

During the first week that Mr. Bartley had this bird in his possession, it was not known to eat any thing; but at length it became very tame, and would at last receive its food from the hands of its patron, but still continued shy in the presence of strangers. Its principal food was birds, which it swallowed whole in the feathers with a great deal of avidity. The flowers of charlock and the leaves of rape formed also parts of its food. Mice it would likewise eat, and, in fact, almost any other animal substance. The food in passing into the stomach was observed to go round the back part of the neck.

Mr. Bartley is of opinion that the idea of the bustard's drinking is erroneous; in support of which, he says, that during the time the above-mentioned bustard was in his possession, which was from June 'till August following, it had not a drop of water given it, after two or three weeks at first, nor was it even then observed to drink. This he considers as an irrefragable proof, that the generally received opinion that bustards drink like other birds is false. Their feet are not like those of other birds;—they have but three claws on each foot.

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This bird was estimated to weigh upwards of twenty pounds, and to measure from the extremities of its wings, when extended, about five feet, and in height about three feet and a half. Its plumage was extremely beautiful, and by its gait, which was very majestic, a spectator would be led to suppose that it was sensible of its own superiority over others of the feathered tribe. In August, 1801, Mr. Bartley sold this noble bird to Lord Temple, for the sum of thirty-one guineas.

The bustard inhabits the extensive downs of Salisbury plain, but its race is now almost extirpated. It is thought that not more than two or three are now remaining.

Some time in the last summer (1801) while this bird was in Mr. Bartley's possession, a nest, supposed to belong to this bird, or, at least to its mate, (for Mr. Bartley's was judged to be a male) was found in a wheat-field on Market Lavington down. It contained two eggs (they sometimes, though very seldom, lay three) about the size of those of a goose, of a pale olive brown, with spots of a darker hue. The nest was made on the ground (by scratching a hole in the earth), and lined with a little grass. The eggs were rotten, having probably undergone a period of incubation.

An instance of a bustard attacking a human being, or even a brute animal, of any size, was I believe, never before heard of; and the occurrence of two instances of this kind so nearly together, may be considered very remarkable. About a fortnight subsequent to the taking of Mr. Bartley's bustard, Mr. Grant, a farmer of Tilshead, returning from Warminster market, was, near Tilshead-lodge, something more than half a mile from the village, attacked in a similar manner, by, it is supposed, the mate of the same bird. Mr. Grant's horse, being rather high-mettled, took fright, became unmanageable, and ran off; and, consequently, Mr. Graves was compelled to relinquish his design of endeavouring to take the bird.

R. TUCKER.

HISTORY *of* ANCIENT CASTLES *in* ENGLAND.

THE early British fortifications seem to have been little more than mere intrenchments of earth. Cæsar, however, penetrated not far enough to know the true nature of the British fortresses; and his work, "De Bello Gallico," seems only to have described the lowland camp. In all parts of England there are a vast number of strong entrenchments of a very peculiar kind, situated chiefly on the tops of natural hills, and which can be attributed to none of the different people who have ever dwelt in the adjacent country, but the ancient Britons. That they may have been used at different times, and occupied on

emergencies by the subsequent inhabitants of the island, is more than probable; but there are many and undoubted reasons for deeming them strong posts and fastnesses of the aboriginal settlers, where they lodged their wives, formed their garrisons, and made their stand. That the Britons were accustomed to fortify such places, we are expressly told by Tacitus, who, describing the strong holds resorted to by Caractacus, says, "Tunc montibus arduis, et si qua clementer accedi poterant, in modum valli saxa præstruit."

One of the most important of these fastnesses in our own country, is the Herefordshire beacon, situated on the very summit of one of the highest of the Malvern hills. It has been by turns attributed to the Romans, the Saxons, and the Danes; but its construction as a strong hold, shews it was designed for something more than temporary use: perhaps as a security for the whole adjacent country on any emergency. Another of these fortresses is at Bruff, in Staffordshire: it is placed on the summit of a hill, is surrounded by two deep ditches, and has a rampart formed of stones. Other instances are adduced by Mr. Pennant, in his "Tour in Wales," and by Mr. King in the first volume of the "Munimenta Antiqua;" but a stronger than all, perhaps, is given by Mr. Gough, in the "Additions to Camden," who shews that the true Caer Caradoc, the very fortress we have alluded to in the sentence quoted, which, if not the royal seat of Caractacus, seems to have been at least his fortress, was in Shropshire, two miles south of Clun, and three from Coxal. The description of it is magnificent. Of the same kind of fortresses were Penmaen-Maur, in Caernarvonshire, Warton Cragg, in Lancashire, Old Oswestry, in Shropshire, the irregular incampment of Maiden Castle, nigh Dorchester, and probably Old Sarum, whose character was new modelled by the Romans.

The British mode of warfare appears to have received but little alteration from the introduction of the Roman tactics. Till finally subdued, their princes shewed abilities both in the command of armies and in the conduct of a war: they chose their ground judiciously; formed able plans of active operation, and availed themselves of all the advantages of local knowledge; but to the fortresses described, if we may rely on the testimonies of our old writers, they did not very frequently retire.

Of the Roman military works in this country, the greater part were temporary; many, however, were stationary posts; and a few, to the retention of which the greatest importance was attached, became walled *castra*. Cæsar (De Bell. Gal. l. vii.) describes one of his camps as fortified very much in the manner of a walled city. A few of the Roman stations in our own country assist in throwing light on the description; and, in short, such

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as were so surrounded, appear to have been the link of connection between the British earth-work and the feudal castle.

Richborough, Portchester, and Pevensey, are the three greatest fortresses the Romans have left us. Richborough, the earliest in order of time, is the completest ruin; and is decided on by Mr. King, as yet exhibiting all the principal parts of one of the very greatest and most perfect of the stationary camps. It is supposed to have been begun in the year 43, in the reign of Claudius; but not to have been completed 'till 205, under the direction of the Emperor Severus. That in the Roman times there must have been many other such walled stations, is more than probable. The Saxons, in the course of their long wars with the Britons, destroyed many of the fortifications that had been thus erected; and, after their final settlement, neglected to repair those that remained, or to build any of their own. By these means, the country became open and defenceless; which greatly facilitated the incursions of the Danes, who met with little obstruction from fortified places.

That there was, however, something like a castle at Bamborough, in Northumberland, erected early in the 6th century, we have the concurrent testimony of historians. A castle at Corfe, in Dorsetshire, is said to have existed in the days of Edgar. Porchester Castle, during this period, undoubtedly retained its designation; and Mr. King endeavours to prove, that the fortress of Castleton, in Derbyshire, is of as high antiquity.

Alfred the Great seems to have been the first of the Anglo-Saxon kings who was sensible of the defenceless state to which the country, in this point, had been reduced. Asser tells us, that, when he had reduced the Danes, he spent much of his time in repairing the ruined walls of London, and in building forts in the most convenient places; but, that in doing this, he met with much opposition and trouble, from the indolence of his people. Elfleda, his heroic daughter, inherited the wisdom of her father; and not only fought many battles against the Danes, but, if Henry of Huntingdon may be believed, in the short space of three years, built no less than eight fortresses of tolerable strength. From this time, the erection, reparation, and defence of castles, became a public object of attention, and one of the three services to which all the lands of England were subjected.

When we reflect, however, on the low ebb to which the arts were then reduced, we shall not expect to find these castles either strong or beautiful. Yet, though to us they may appear exceeding weak and artless, they afforded no less advantage and security to their defenders than the most regular fortifications of the present day can do to their descendants. They were usually taken by sudden bold assaults; by wounding and killing their defenders with stones, arrows, darts, and spears; by scaling their

walls, and bursting open their gates, or setting them on fire. Among the strongest and most curious, however, of the Saxon castles, we may reckon that of Colchester, which appears to have been erected early in the tenth century, by Edward the Elder. Some have called this venerable ruin, Roman; others have called it British; but Camden, and the generality of the best writers, have ascribed it to the Saxons.

But the deficiency of strong posts throughout the country was still observable; and to this we must probably attribute the defeat of Harold; since, without them, it became necessary that all should be risked upon the issue of a single battle. William the Conqueror, it appears, saw the defect, and, like a skilful general, supplied it. He seems to have raised them in abundance; and those which were not ensirely new, he appears to have newly modelled. The Norman system of castellation, it should seem, materially differed from the Saxon; and, as in the civil, so in the military architecture of the time, the proportions of the various parts appear to have been enlarged. The general shape or plan was far less simple than among the Saxons, and depended entirely upon the caprice of the architects, or on the ground intended to be occupied. The towers, if we may judge from our castellated ruins, were not confined to any particular figure, but in the original parts of the same building appear to have been square, or round, or polygonal, as suited the fancy of the builder. It has been supposed by some, that, in different parts of the kingdom, our ancient castles are marked by an appropriate character; but this appears not generally to have been the case. The truth is, that a great number of the strongest kind were built about the reign of Stephen; and they multiplied to such an inordinate extent, that, as Camden says, in the reign of Henry II. we had no less than 1115. One of the most complete of these, which were principally baronial, was Berkeley Castle; and its ancient strength and magnificence may be yet gathered from its relics. The different alterations that have taken place since it was in a state of defence, may be found in Bigland's "History of Gloucestershire."

The particular description of a Norman castle may be seen in Mr. Dallaway's "Heraldic Inquiries;" and the character of our castles in the different centuries may perhaps be in part gathered from the following specimens. Norham Castle, built in 1121; described in the "History of Durham." Scarborough in 1136. Conway and Caerphilly, by our first Edward. One of the towers of Alnwick, in 1350. Lumley, in 1389. The great tower at the north east corner of Warwick Castle, in 1594. at the expence of 395*£*. 5*s*. 2*d*.—And Castor, in Norfolk, early in the fifteenth century. The following description, however, taken principally from Dr. Henry's "History of England," will

be found generally applicable to what are called the castles of the middle ages:

"The situation of ancient castles was usually on an eminence, and near a river. The whole site of the castle was surrounded by a deep and broad ditch, sometimes dry, and sometimes filled with water. On the edge of this stood the wall, about eight or ten feet thick, and between twenty and thirty feet high, with a parapet, and a kind of embrasures, called crenelles, on the top. On this wall, at proper distances, were built square towers, two or three stories high, containing apartments for the principal officers; and adjoining to these were lodgings for the common servants or retainers, granaries, storehouses, and other necessary offices. On the top of the wall, and on the flat roofs of these buildings, stood the defenders of the castle when it was besieged, and thence discharged arrows, darts, and stones, on the besiegers. Before the great gate was an outwork, called a barbican, or antemural, which was a strong and high wall, with turrets, designed for the defence of the gate and drawbridge. The gate was also defended by a tower on each side, and rooms over the passage, which was closed by thick folding-doors of oak, often plated with iron, and by an iron portcullis, or grate, let down from above. Within this outward wall was a large open space or court, called the outer bayley, in which stood commonly a church or chapel. Within this outer bayley was another ditch, wall, and gate, with their towers, inclosing the inner bayley; within which was the principal hill and tower, called the keep or dungeon. This tower, the palace of the prince or baron, and residence of the constable or governor, was a large square fabric, four or five stories high, having small windows in very thick walls, which rendered the apartments within it dark and gloomy. In it was the great hall, in which the owner displayed his hospitality, by entertaining his numerous friends and followers. The lower part consisted of dark rooms or vaults, often used for the confinement of prisoners; and hence it has been inferred this pricipal tower derived its name of dungeon.

To these observations we may add, that among the feudal castles, the gatehouse was the favourite mark of dignity; and that the keep, as a supereminent tower, appears to have been forgotten about the time of Edward III. Spenser's description of the barbican, too, gives additional light ("Fairie Queen," b. ii. canto ix. st. 25).

"Within the barbican a porter sate,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward;
Nor wight, nor word, mote passe out of the gate,
But in good order and with due regard;
Utterers of secrets he from thence debarr'd,

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" Babblers of folly and blazers of cryme;
His larum-bell might lowd and wide be hard
When cause requyr'd, but never out of time;
Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime."

The old passes into our castles were usually arched bridges of stone. Drawbridges seem to have made their appearance as early as the fourteenth century, but were not much used 'till the time of Henry VIII.

So early as the time of Edward III. castle architecture seems to have been a little on the decline; for it is principally in that reign that its strength and solidity were first sacrificed to convenience; and in the reign of Henry VIII. it had descended from the lofty towers, which, displayed at Caernarvon, Conway, and Caerphilly, awed the beholder, to the block-houses of Calshot, Hurst, Sandown, Sandgate, and South Sea; and even such as these were doomed, within a few years, to shroud their insignificance within delusive banks of turf.

The most complete and genuine model, perhaps, of what a castellated mansion was in the days of Henry VIII. may be gathered from the ruins of Cowdray House, in Sussex.

Description of the Baths at Tivoli, near Paris.

NO establishment of modern times is more superb than that of the baths, for the purposes of luxury and medicine, lately erected at Tivoli, near Paris.

A long avenue leads into a court in which arrangements are made for carriages to draw up, and there is an easy ascent to a highly ornamented rotunda, furnished with musical instruments, books, journals, &c. for the amusement of the bathers.

On the left are placed the hydro-sulphuric baths, which are in a separate building on account of the odour which rises from them. They form a long gallery and corridor, to which are attached the cabinets of different mineral waters, which are twelve in number. Nine of them are destined for administering the grand *douches*, and which are given with peculiar neatness and address; as, in addition to this species of remedy so powerful in many cases, they give at one and the same time (to a woman for instance) an external sulphuric bath, an internal emollient *douche*, and a glass of the water of Vichy to drink—thus the patient receives a relaxing bath, a tonic *douche*, and a fortifying draught.

(The English reader may not know the meaning of the term *douche*, so little known in England, though so generally practised on the continent. A *douche* is a fall of medicated water from a

reservoir at a height of 15 or 18 feet, and which is conducted through a tube to any particular part of the body which requires the active force of the water.)

Thirty pleasure baths are constructed on the other side of the rotunda, each with a dressing-room, couch, &c. which are fitted up with extreme luxury; and here the company may take whatever bath they prefer, of factitious sea-water, of Seltzer, Spa, Vichy, Bussang, Vals, Contrexeville, Ballaruc, Plombieres, Bareges, Sedlitz; alkaline, gazeous, oxigen, hydrogen, hydro-carbonate, hydro-sulphurate—and generally all the known mineral waters. They state the advantage of artificial mineral waters over the natural springs to be, that they can at pleasure augment or diminish their energy according to the nature of the malady, the temperament of the patient, and the prescription of the physician.

These baths now make a part of the beautiful gardens of Tivoli, the idea of which was taken from our Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Sadler's Wells, and which concentrates within itself the amusements of all the three. The proprietors of the mineral baths are a M. Traire, a physician, and a M. Paul. They have cost above 20,000l. sterling in the erection, and though the population of Paris is not more than one half that of London, the proprietors derive from these baths an ample return for their capital.

SINGULAR CLERICAL CHARACTER.

THE late Rev. Mr. Walker, of Seathwaite, near Broughton, in Lancashire, was presented by W. Penny, Esq. also deceased, to the perpetual curacy of Seathwaite, when it was no more than 8l. a year; Mr. Walker married early in life, and brought up more than ten children, besides several that died in infancy. This 8l. a year, and teaching a village school, in one of the most retired places in the north of England, which probably never brought him in more than another eight, was apparently all he had to live upon. It is impossible that with such a pittance, without a patrimony, he could support an increasing family. He had of course many other helps. He was steward of the court for his patron, Mr. Penny; and, no doubt, received many perquisites in a copyhold manor, which consists of small inheritances. He made wills, bonds, conveyances, surrenders, and every thing of the kind; and, in short, was the only lawyer in the neighbourhood. He more than educated his children; he trained them up to the habits of industry, and gave them a living example of it in his own character. To his scholars he did the same; for at the very time he taught them to read and write, he was spinning in the chancel, which was his school.

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It will not surprize our readers very much when they learn, that this clergyman was not only a spinner, but a publican (or, rather, his daughter, in whose name, to save appearances, the licence was granted); and by this calling, probably he did more good than he was able to do by precept. No late hours, no tippling, no immorality, or indecency of any kind, would he suffer; though in a mild and gentle way, he would exert his authority when he pleased. By persevering in this plan, when there was not another public-house of a contrary description to counteract his benevolent designs, he had it in his power, with few exceptions, to train up the rising generation of his district in religion and virtue. Village ale-houses, for the most part, are great impediments to the well-meant endeavours of a conscientious clergyman, which cannot have their proper effect so long as the former continue, as they almost universally do, under little or no regulations.

Mr. Walker, though strict and rigid in some cases, yet was naturally of a liberal turn of mind, and had no morose objection to allow of the innocent pleasures of youth, as will appear from the following circumstance. In some places of the north of England, they have their plum fairs, cherry fairs, sugar and water Sundays, or some other annual meeting, which evidently have the same origin as the wakes or feasts in the midland counties, viz. the dedication of churches to some saint. On the Sunday, when the young people met at Seathwaite, to partake of fruit, cakes, and ale, as usual, Mr. Walker's first care, when the bell rung, was to clear the house, and conduct them all to the chapel.

After a suitable discourse, they all returned to their mirth, when he condescended to be their waiter; and "Coming, coming, Sir," with his band yet on, was the echo to their call. Perhaps it was not in his power to prevent irregularities at all times in his house; but, from the singular respect every one had to his general character, he was enabled to do what others could not. It is not easy to conceive what profits could arise to one situated in such a sequestered vale (who was hospitable and generous in the extreme) by selling ale; one that many times would take nothing from either friends or strangers. Multitudes have been benefitted by his bounty, and the writer of this account among the number. The first time he called at Mr. Walker's house, with his patron's compliments, though totally unknown to him) there appeared benignity and gratitude inexpressible in the worthy minister's countenance; and, eat and drink what you would, there was nothing to pay.

His living did not long rest at 8*l.* a year, but gradually increased; and principally from the following cause. A party of gentlemen from London, long before it was fashionable to visit the Lakes, accidentally stumbled upon Mr. Walker's house for refreshment.

refreshment. Here they found, to their astonishment, plenty of good homely fare, and a cup of excellent ale; their host also a sensible and agreeable companion, surrounded by a houseful of children, all so neat, so industrious, and happy, that, after their return to town, they raised (oftener than once) 200l. by subscription, which commanded another 200l. from Queen Anne's bounty. The income of this, when laid out in land, together with what fell by the lot at different times, and the original 8l. made the living at last worth about 60l. a year.—He died in 1803.

On the Folly of being ashamed of retracting our Mistakes.

TO persist in defending a sentiment which we are convinced is erroneous, merely because we have once been so unfortunate as to receive it for a truth, argues a great degree of self-conceit and weakness of mind, and cannot fail of being attended with very pernicious consequences; by such a conduct we wilfully shut out the light of truth from our minds, and yield ourselves the voluntary slaves of ignorance and error.

There cannot be a more effectual bar to any one's improvement, than an obstinate resolution of adhering to every sentiment which they have once adopted: on such persons the most convincing arguments lose their force—to what pitiful resources do we often find them driven in order to support the silly vaunt of *never having changed their opinions.* The imaginary disgrace of retracting a mistaken sentiment operates more powerfully upon their minds, than the love of truth; every attempt to emancipate them from the shackles of prejudice and error is looked upon as an insult to their understanding, and the person who has ventured on so kind an undertaking will probably be considered as their greatest enemy.

Amongst the various errors incident to human nature, that of thinking ourselves *infallible* appears to be one of the most pernicious; and the reason is obvious, because of its manifest tendency to shield and protect us from all others. Wherever this odious principle gains the ascendant, it raises a mist about the mind, through which the brightest rays of truth can never penetrate. It is to this suppositious infallibility that some of the most unamiable dispositions of our nature owe their existence; to this unhappy source may be traced that haughty domineering arrogance, and that supercilious contempt for the opinions of others, which throw an odium on the characters of those who cherish dispositions so inimical to the happiness of society: to the same cause may be ascribed that spirit of intolerance and persecution which has been the fruitful parent of crimes and miseries too horrible to relate.

When we reflect on the uncertainty and imperfection to which we are subjected by the inevitable law of our nature—the long and laborious efforts which are in many cases necessary for the discovery of important truth, together with the incessant fluctuations which are taking place in the opinions of mankind upon almost every subject, can we vainly flatter ourselves that *we* alone are exempted from the general lot of humanity? that we alone have enjoyed the peculiar felicity of forming correct sentiments upon every subject which has fallen within the sphere of our observation? The supposition must surely confound us with its absurdity. Such considerations should teach us to repress a spirit of harshness and acrimony towards the sentiments of others, and dispose us to listen with moderation and candour to whatever arguments can be urged in behalf of systems or opinions the very reverse of those which we have adopted.

ANECDOTES *of* ROBIN HOOD.

CLOSE to Nottingham stands the spot over which Sherwood Forest once spread itself, and where Robin Hood and Little John used to play their pranks, to the terror and diversion of the neighbourhood.

Robin Hood, or Head, (but more commonly known by the name of Robin Hood) was born somewhere in the county of Nottingham, in the reign of Henry the Second, and is said to have been the son of a nobleman. But the most probable opinion is, that he was one of those youths who resented the inclosure of forests, and being proscribed by Richard the First, he raised a band of men, who, acting under his command, infested all the towns near Sherwood Forest, after robbing the passengers; but he never, except in his own defence, proceeded to acts of cruelty. He kept the different articles obtained by this illegitimate method 'till they amounted to a considerable quantity, when he exposed them to sale at a particular place on the borders of the forest. This mode of life he is thought to have followed many years. A great price was set upon his head, and many fruitless attempts were made to take him. At length falling ill, he went, in order to be taken better care of, to Birkleys, a nunnery in Yorkshire, where he desired to be let blood. The reward, however, being considerable, proved a temptation to the betraying of him, and instead of bleeding him, as he desired, they blooded him to death, about the latter end of the year 1395.

CAUTION

CAUTION *to the* PUBLIC.

THE following disastrous circumstance occurred to a labouring family at Parley, in the hundred of Christchurch, Hants, the recital of which may have a salutary effect at this season of the year, when mushrooms are in such general use. Martin Dean, a young man about 19 years of age, having eaten of some mushrooms at a neighbour's house, liked them so much, that he determined to procure some himself; accordingly, on Saturday the 21st of September, 1805, he procured a quantity of toadstools, mistaking them for mushrooms, and carried them home, when his mother, being also ignorant of the mistake, prepared them for dinner, and with her husband went on business to Ringwood. In the mean time, Martin Dean dressed the supposed mushrooms, and with his brothers and sisters (five in number), partook of them; but, shocking to relate, their poisonous quality was soon experienced, for the whole family were in a short time in the greatest agonies; and death the next day put a period to the existence of Stephen, one of them, and the day following to that of Hannah, and Martin, the sad cause of this most unfortunate accident. The other three children continue in a very dangerous state; but it is hoped that the medical assistance afforded them will not prove unavailing. An inquest was taken on the three deceased bodies, on the 24th of September, 1805, by Mr. Baldwin.

Verdicts—Accidental Death.

On the Respect paid to Dogs by the Mahometans.

THESE animals are so respected by many of the Mahometans, that, in some of the towns in the Levant, large endowments have often been given by will for the maintaining of a certain number of dogs and cats; and at Constantinople there are persons regularly paid to see the intention of the donors put in execution of feeding them in the streets. For this purpose, also, in several of the towns, people station themselves at the corners of the streets to sell victuals for dogs. Some of the Turks, out of charity, have them cured of wounds that they happen accidentally to receive, but particularly of the mange, with which these creatures here are miserably afflicted towards the end of their life. Yet with all this attention and all this charity towards the animals, the Turks have a rooted detestation for them, and in a time of pestilence they kill as many as they can find, imagining that it is these unclean creatures which infect the air.—Tournefort's Voyage into the Levant, vol. ii. p. 62.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

THE following particulars of an accident which befel the present Lord Viscount Castlereagh, when Robert Stewart, in his youthful days, was copied, ten years ago, from a picture representing the circumstances, at Mount Stewart:—

"R. Stewart, aged 17 years, and H. Sterrick, aged 12 years, overset in Strangford Lough, three miles from shore, floated more than an hour, were taken up by the Rev. Mr. Cleveland and —— Ferguson. R. Stewart had lost the power of his limbs from the coldness of the weather, and almost his sight. H. Sterrick was totally senseless. The former was an indifferent swimmer, the latter never swam in his life before, and when he attempted it, after his recovery, he was found incapable of supporting himself a moment on the surface.

"Let not these particulars of a deliverance almost miraculous, pass without just emotions of gratitude to the Almighty Preserver; and let it teach us a due reliance on his providence in the greatest dangers."—*Bishop of Dromore.*

It is rather remarkable, that the same nobleman narrowly escaped drowning, during the course of the summer of 1805, in the river Thames, when he went to view some of the nautical experiments of Sir Sidney Smith.

Answer, by W. Browne, Excise Officer at Tiverton, to R. Maffett's Question, inserted July 1.

DIVIDING the third equation by y it becomes $y=x+4$, which substituted for y in the second equation, it will then be $x^2+4x+4z=27,25$; but from the first given equation $z=\frac{x}{15+x}$ this value of z being substituted for it in the preceding equation, it then becomes $x^2+\frac{x^2}{15+x}+\frac{4z}{15+x}=2725$. This equation being cleared from fractions, and reduced, becomes $x^3+16x^2-2325x=40,875$, and its solution produces $x=5$ feet, whence $y=9$ inches, and $z=\frac{5}{15+5}=25$ parts, or a quarter of an inch. The required height therefore is 5 feet, 9¼ inches.

☞ Triangularius, of Evershot, and a student in Mr. Chivers's school at St. Austell, have also answered this question.

Answer, by T. Wotton, of Newton Bushell, to W. Tucker's Rebus, inserted Aug. 5.

A MARKET, Sir, is meant by you,
The place where farmers weekly go.

☞ We have received similar answers from R. Trewavas, of Mousehole; H. Pratt, of Luppit; J. Colling, jun. of St. Dominick; W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; J. Channon, of Ottery; F. Symes, of Bristol; and T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole.

Answer, by H. Pratt, of Luppitt, to T. Jarvis's Charade, inserted August 5.

WHEN from the west black clouds arise,
And spread throughout the lofty skies,
The RAINBOW doth its beauty shew,
Which far exceeds the painted beau.

*** We have received the like answers from T. Wotton, of Newton Bushel; J. Colling, jun. of St. Dominick; X. Y. Z R. Trewavas, of Mousehole; J. Channon, of Ottery; F. Symes, of Bristol; and Thomas Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole.

A CHARADE, *by Adrianus.*

WHAT gossips do whene'er they meet,
Combin'd with what I often eat,
Will bring an English town to view,
In Kent its found, dear Sirs, adieu!

A CHARADE, *by Primrose, of Taunton.*

A River you first will define;
The next oft with plenty is crown'd;
Then both in conjunction combine,
And the empire conceal'd will be found.

An ENIGMA, *by Primrose, of Taunton.*

OF desolating war let Gallia sing,
And tune her numbers on the sounding string;
Of vanquish'd states and empires proudly boast,
Constrain'd to yield before her conquering host;
Still, still may Albion's sons while I inspire
To nobler sounds awake the tuneful lyre.

My genuine worth can distant isles confess,
By Afric's nations valued and caress'd;
Where dwell, uninjur'd by the sultry clime,
In careless ease the Indian race supine;
While no invading foes, no hostile band,
Invidious, dare disturb their native land.

And where fair Europe's spacious realms extend,
Did each alike my generous cause befriend;
Did I prevail supreme, without alloy,
Eulogiums due might every tongue employ;
But tho' no abject states enjoy my sway,
Nor kingdoms who the Gallic power obey,
In elevated strains may Britons tell,
Within their favour'd isle I've long been known to dwell.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SONG, IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

" *Sortez de vos retraites*
" *Accourez, dreux de bois, &c. &c.*"

COME from your deep retreats,
Ye fauns! your aid afford;
And on these grassy seats
Your lutes to our's accord:
King of the nymph I love,
My Celia's charms reveal,
And make the pow'rs above
To envy what I feel.

Come, Flora, ever fair!
Thy pristine tints resume;
And crown thy braided hair
With flow'rs in fairest bloom;
Pomona's pleasures aid,
Our happy plains to grace,
And brighten autumn's shade
With spring's enlivening days.

Ye birds! distend your throats,
On yon hill's woody brow;
And join, with sweetest note,
The streamlets' murmuring flow:
Sing of the nymph I love,
My Celia's charms reveal,
And make the pow'rs above
To envy what I feel.

Falmouth, September, 1805. ALEXIS.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

PIETY.

CELESTIAL energy! thou sacred flame,
That purifies the thoughts, and lifts the soul
To the First Holy Fountain whence she came,
Nor feels the dull restraint of rude controul.

Touch'd by thy wand, how quick this vale of tears
A paradise of joy again is made!
Where the bright rose without a thorn appears,
And flow'rs of heavenly bloom that never fade.

Thou vivifying pow'r! bid me aspire,
And touch this mortal frame with thy pure fire,
That I above the world may learn to rise:
So when to be dissolv'd the time draws near,
I this vain scene may quit without a tear,
And soar to brighter realms beyond the skies.

Sherborne. B. AYRES.

E X I L E.

By MISS BANNERMAN.

YE hills of my country, soft fading in blue;
The seats of my childhood, for ever adieu;
Yet not for a brighter, your skies I resign,
When my wandering footsteps revisit the Rhine:
But sacred to me is the roar of the wave,
That mingles its tide with the blood of the brave;
Where the blasts of the trumpets for battle combine,
And the heart was laid low that gave rapture to mine.

Ye scenes of remembrance that sorrow beguil'd,
Your uplands I leave for the desolate wild;
For nature is nought to the eye of despair,
But the image of hopes that have vanish'd in air:
Again ye fair blossoms of flower and of tree,
Ye shall bloom to the morn, tho' ye bloom not for me;
Again your lone wood-paths that wind by the stream,
Be the haunt of the lover, to hope, and to dream.

But never to me shall the summer renew
The bowers where the days of my happiness flew;
Where my soul found her partner, and thought to bestow
The colours of heaven on the dwellings of woe!
The faithful recorders of times that are past,
The Eden of love, that was ever to last!
Once more may soft accents your wild echoes fill,
And the young and the happy be worshippers still.

To me ye are lost! but your summits of green
Shall charm thro' the distance of many a scene,
In woe, and in wandering, and deserts, return
Like the soul of the dead to the perishing urn!
Ye hills of my country! farewell evermore
As I cleave the dark waves of your rock-rugged shore,
And ask of the hovering gale if it come
From the oak-towering woods on the mountains of home.

The MAN MILLINER.

WHOE'ER his head by chance should pop
Within the precincts of a modish shop,
In whose gay windows every thing appears
Of decking finery that woman wears,
A soft automaton, in shape of man,
Presents a necklace, or displays a fan!
Powder'd and perfum'd, see the creature stalk,
Smirk like a lady—delicately talk,
Choose out a head-dress, praise lac'd shifts to sin in,
Or descant on the prettiest baby-linen!
Commend the muslin drawers, or advise
The pillowy shape, to swell the female size!
In scenes like these, shall any son of Adam,
Degrade the breeches part, and play the *Madam?*
Dear women rise—unto yourselves be just—
And tread such *he-she* beings into dust.
While these devour their honourable bread,
What lovely thousands must on shame be fed!
Base slave, begone! no woman's birth-right spoil,
Resume your manhood by some manly toil!
Nor meanly rifle those, which nature gave
Man's heart to succour, and his strength to save!